

THREE LINKS  
IN A CHAIN OF FATE.

By NORMAN P. WHITE.

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"Fate be hanged! There's no such thing as fate. Napoleon said, 'I will make circumstances.' And he did—that is, till they became too powerful for him by the union of all his enemies."

"That may do for Napoleon, but not for me. That I am a resident of this city, that I am the husband of my wife, the father of a boy named Alan and a girl named Lucia and that we are all rich is the result of no one incident—that wouldn't be so singular—but of a number of incidents happening in succession, the absence of any one of which would have made entirely different surroundings for me."

"The first incident was this: On a certain day a man took up a paper he had never seen before and saw an ad. of mine. I was a young lawyer, with no clients. I advertised to secure the care of estates. The man was a stranger in town and wished for some one to be agent for a building there. Seeing my ad., he came to me. If he hadn't seen it I wouldn't be talking with you now. He told me that the building, one of a scattered estate, belonged to some one he was looking for and couldn't find. The interview resulted in his giving me the agency, the building being a part of the Pendleton estate."

"One afternoon, being bored by having nothing to do, I went out and strolled into a vitascope show. One of the pictures was the arrival of an express train at Schenectady, N. Y. The passengers poured out of the cars, and one, a girl about seventeen years old, came walking, with a satchel in her hand, toward the audience. It seemed as if she were going to step right into the showman. She had a timid look on her face, such as a girl might have arriving in a strange city. She was looking about her, fearing some of the many vehicles passing hither and thither would run over her. I wanted to go and put my arm about her to reassure her. Then suddenly she passed out of the picture."

"There was something in the face and figure that took hold of me. The performance lasted half an hour, then began all over again. I waited till I had seen my little girl get out of the train and run the gauntlet of wagons and carriages three times. Not only that, I went to the show every day till the picture was taken off. By that time I was desperately in love. Odd, isn't it?"

"The next in the chain of incidents was a trip to Schenectady on business. That was two years after falling in love with a moving photograph. While there I went into a merchant's office and saw sitting at a table jabbing type keys with her fingers—whom do you suppose? I recognized her at once—the original of my moving picture! What sent me to that city and that very counting room? Fate."

"Having found my love, I didn't propose to lose her. I learned her name—Evelyn Brickworth—offered her a better salary than she was receiving to work for me, and she joined me at the end of the month."

"You may rest assured I made it pleasant for her, and I made love to her in a delicate, gingerly way—she was very sensitive and reserved—and won her. But I was still a poor lawyer with too small an income to marry on, so she stayed on as my typewriter till I would be better fixed financially. That she might be of more assistance to me, I taught her to keep my accounts."

"One day the man who gave me the agency of the building I spoke of came to town, and I paid him some collections. He told me that he had been unsuccessful in finding the heirs to the estate, and he rather thought the provision made in the will in case they were never found would be carried out. The provision was that at the expiration of a certain period the property was to go to specified charities. That period would expire in a few months. I asked him if he knew who the heirs were. He said he knew that all were dead except the children of Eliza Pendleton. At the name Eliza Pendleton I noticed that my assistant-fiancee—I mean my fiancée—looked up. After the man had gone she asked me:

"What was that man saying about Eliza Pendleton?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because that was my mother's name before she married my father."

"It was probable that there were a great many Eliza Pendletons, but it struck me the matter was worth looking into. Evelyn told me that she knew nothing of her father's family, but that her grandmother on her mother's side was named Nathan Witbridge. I had her typewriter write a letter to the manager of the property, giving this information. He had gone back to where he lived and didn't get the letter till the next day. Then I received a telegram giving an affirmative reply and asking why I wished to know. This began to look peculiar. I replied by telegram that my typewriter was the granddaughter of Nathan Witbridge. The reply to this was, 'If she can prove it I am ready to pay her \$500,000.'"

"Evelyn Brickworth had no difficulty in finding the requisite proof and, being the only living heir, got the property. It was lucky for me that I had courted and won her while she was poor, for to do so after she became rich would have been beyond my pride."

"Fate does work queer things. There are three links in your chain, each of which was essential."

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**

Has been used for one HUNDRED YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the inflamed GUMS, ALLAYS the PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the BEST REMEDY for DIARRHœa. Sold by Druggists in every part of the World. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Guaranteed under the name of J. C. Winslow, New York, N. Y.

AFTER  
DOCTORS  
FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered under agony from female troubles, causing backache, irregularities, dizziness and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk upstairs without stopping on the way. I tried three different doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them, but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said nothing would restore my health. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do and I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. F. T. DONOVAN, Box 260, Willimantic, Conn.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, pleurisy, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulence, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

## MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Canning The Fruits and Vegetables of Early Summer.

The animals reared in domestic canning where glass jars only are used, are as follows: A large kettle or water-bath in which to heat or "process" the glass jars (the common wash-bowl makes a good kettle); a smaller kettle for heating water to scald certain kinds of vegetables and to clean others; a porcelain-lined kettle in which to cook such fruits and vegetables as are not canned in the natural or raw state; large and well-tinned spoons and strainers or colanders; silver-plated forks; wooden mashers or pestles; wooden or earthen bowls; a well-tinned wire basket of a size to fit inside the canning kettle; a good thermometer of the floating or "dial" type; a saccharometer or syrup gauge; a white flannel for straining; tongs for handling hot jars.—*Suburban Life for June.*

Little Things Destroy Confidence.

Young people little realize what a great impression small things make upon those who are watching their careers, says Dr. Marden, writing in "Success Magazine."

A very successful business man became prejudiced against a debtor who did not pay his note, or even speak to him about it, until several days after it was due, that he absolutely lost all confidence in the young man's business ability.

This young man thought that two or three days would not make much difference with a millionaire who knew he was honest, but it made all the difference between confidence and no confidence.

Many young men are careless about their banking. They frequently overdraw their accounts, and are not prompt in paying or renewing their notes. They may be perfectly honest, but they are careless. They lack system, are unbusiness-like, and this destroys confidence. Good business men are very prompt, and they have no patience with procrastinators. Promptness is a principle with these men, and a failure to meet an engagement, to pay a note promptly, or to make a habit of regarding business matters, destroys their confidence.

There is no one thing outside of honesty which will help a man's credit so much as the reputation of being prompt, punctual. Capital is very timid, and unreliable, the lack of promptness, however, can ruin a man's credit.

Business men do not like to deal with people they have to watch all the time. They like to feel a sense of certainty and of security in their dealings with a man.

It does not take long to ruin one's credit or reputation. No matter how careful or honest he may have been for years, he can ruin it in a very short time by carelessness, forgetfulness, slipshod methods.

DIED ON SEVENTH DAY.

New York Woman the Victim of a Superstition.

New York, June 21.—Clinging with morbid tenacity to a Yiddish superstition that her death was sure to occur on the seventh day after her picture had fallen from the wall, Mrs. Rebecca Wolf, 67 years of age, jumped from the third story window of her home on the east side Saturday, and killed herself.

Since a week ago Saturday, when the woman's picture, loaned in some way from its fastenings, fell with a crash to the parlor floor, she had gone about moaning that she had "run seven days down to live." Her son did all he could to calm her, but she clung to the superstition and refused to believe the sign would fail. She even made preparations for her death.

As Saturday approached, she grew more nervous and her son and his wife determined to watch her. They left her alone for a moment, however, and she seized the opportunity to plunge to her death.

Wickham's Son Weds.

New York, June 21.—Cornelius Wickham, son of United States Attorney General Wickham, and Miss Rosalie N. Hineley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Hineley, were married Saturday in the St. John's Protestant Episcopal church at Far Rockaway, Long Island.

AT NATIONAL  
CAPITALWhite House Taking a Hand  
in Legislation

LODGE TALKS ON HIDES

Wood Pulp Schedule Not Yet Out of the Way—France Joins England in Protest Against American Tar.

Washington, June 21.—Inasmuch as the White House is drawing up the provision in the tariff bill relating to the taxing of corporations, the information from that source that the line may be drawn at corporations enjoying an income of \$5,000, and therefore capitalized at about \$100,000, is interesting. It is further learned that on close scrutiny the proposal to include the interest on bonds as taxable earnings has been found from court decisions impossible, so far to frame into practicable law, and it will probably be given up. At the same time from a member of the finance committee, it is learned that the trend in the committee is to exclude no corporations from the operations of the tax. Since, too, the 2 per cent. rate proposed apparently would yield more revenue than desired, it is now thought probable that the rate will be put at 1½ per cent. The provision came up for brief discussion in the Senate and was postponed until the tariff schedules are out of the way.

Further significant information obtained from a very high source is that President Taft has pledged to Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich, subscribers to their influential aid, tantamount to the consent of Congress, to the enactment into law of most of the administration's program bearing on salary restriction of corporations. The details of this cannot as yet be printed, but it may be said that they are enough to indicate that corporate finance is going to come in contact with more rather stringent provisions and prohibitions that will be the undoing of certain corporate subterfuges of rather widespread indulgence. It is understood that the administration has great faith in the fulfillment of these pledges.

The wood pulp schedule is not yet out of the way, for the finance committee reported an amendment with a provision which raises rates most substantially where countries put an export duty on wood pulp. This is Canada, to be sure, and the hostile act of one province will be sufficient to invoke the retaliatory provision. The committee also reported a duty of 15 per cent. on hides, as had been expected. Immediately Senator Lodge became an insurgent to oppose this duty. He made a very strong speech. The senator was a target for interruptions by the advocates for a duty on hides. Senators Warren, Dixon, Carter and Elkins, inconsistency, the senator said, had no terrors for him. The Democrats were inconsistent, he declared, and a passage of Byronic poetry clinched his observation. On hides, he asserted that he stood where he and Senator Hoar had stood 12 years ago. He asked for protection for shoes, saying that the American advantage was disappearing, and this brought several senators to their feet with questions, and typical was that of Elkins, who asked, "If we put hides on the free list, will you put shoes on the free list?" To this Mr. Lodge replied, "No, because we do not do it in other cases." Mr. Elkins declared that Mr. Lodge would apply his argument on shoes to oil he would vote for free hides. Mr. Lodge also said that he was disposed to vote to put shoes on the free list if the Senate would vote to put print paper on the free list, since wood pulp, the raw material for print paper, was to come free. The senator was followed by Senator Warren, who charged that the leather trust was behind the movement for free hides.

It is ascertained here that France has joined England in protest against American participation in the Chinese railroad loan, but that Germany is holding off, and should Germany make the statement that it would be sufficient to break the tripartite agreement.

SALVATION ARMY ATTACKED.

Presbyterian Minister Says That It Is a "Tremendously Rich Oligarchy."

New York, June 21.—A spirited discussion was started Saturday during the session of the grand council of the pan-presbyterian alliance at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, when Rev. A. F. Forrest of Colorado attacked the statement that the Salvation Army was losing its mission of saving souls. Rev. Mr. Forrest read a paper entitled, "The downward church," in which he described the tendency of the churches in the business district of the largest cities to move into the residential sections for the love of large congregations and said: "Large audiences are not necessarily a sign of vigorous life of a church, and the efforts to attract them by various means often lead away from the real aim of the gospel. We see this best in the Salvation Army, which through expansion to larger fields has lost its mission of saving souls."

Several ministers immediately took exception to Rev. Mr. Forrest's statement, and defended the work of the Salvation Army. Judge Forbes of St. John's, N. B., agreed with Rev. Mr. Forrest, and said: "The Salvation Army is simply a tremendously rich oligarchy." Rev. Mr. Forrest of Baltimore created almost a sensation by attacking the lack of religious spirit among the Protestants. In discussing the question of the "downward church" he declared that in Baltimore the Roman Catholic church alone stands immovable, while the other churches are moving up to meet the larger edifices and to gather larger and richer congregations. The Presbyterian church of Korea, with 23,131 communicants, and the Evangelical Reformed church of Hungary were made members of the alliance Saturday. The conference adjourned at noon Saturday.

WASHINGTON NOTES  
OF INTEREST

Of 908 Cases Docketed with Supreme Court During Recent Session, 575 Still Remain Not Acted Upon.

Washington, June 21.—Of the 908 cases docketed with the supreme court of the United States during the session which closed last week, 575 still remain unacted upon. From the opening of the term, early in October, to the last decision day, 430 cases were decided by the court, a number of them having been left over from last year. Not since the passage of the act of March 3, 1901, creating circuit courts of appeal for the particular purpose of disposing of the work of the country's highest tribunal, have there been so many cases brought to the court for decision or review.

During the past term, several noteworthy cases were disposed of by the court. Some of these will go down in history because of their importance—notably the famous \$29,000,000 Standard oil case, decided adversely to the government by refusal of the supreme court to review the decision of the circuit court of appeals, which had held against the fine.

A new construction was given the Hepburn railway rate act by the court in several decisions—notably that in the so-called "commodities clause" litigation, whereby the court of last resort, although reversing the lower tribunal's decision that the clause was unconstitutional, so interpreted its provisions as to practically nullify the obvious intent with which it was enacted by Congress.

Litigation in which railroads were concerned bulked large for the past term, and for most of the term the railway rate act was largely responsible. The net result of the term shows a strong affirmation of the anti-rebate and anti-discrimination provisions of that act. Foremost, probably, was the decision in the New York Central & Hudson River railroad cases, where that road was victoriously granted rebates on sugar shipments to the American Sugar Refining company. In the two cases, the supreme court affirmed the conviction and assessed to the fine imposed—\$125,000 on the railroad and \$50,000 on its traffic manager. The Chicago & Alton railroad cases were likewise disposed of in the highest court holding that the railroad was violating the law in granting rebates on certain shipments from Kansas City to the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Packing company and the verdict of the lower court, imposing fines aggregating \$70,000 on the road and its officials was affirmed.

In a decision important in its future bearing, the court held the provision of the railway rate act which prohibits express companies from leasing "franks" to their employees constitutional and valid. There is still before the court the cases involving the right of railway companies to issue transportation to newspapers and magazines in exchange for advertising space.

Edward H. Harriman, the railroad king, figured personally in one unique case, in which the supreme court refused to acknowledge the power of the interstate commerce commission to force him to answer certain questions relating to his control and management of various railroads.

The power of the states to regulate railroad rates within their boundaries was affirmed by the court in its decision holding the McCord act of the Kentucky legislature constitutional. However, a directly opposite view was taken of the two-cent rate provisions made by the Virginia state corporation commission. In this case the court held that the provision did not constitute due process of law.

A decision of immeasurable importance was that rendered in the Consolidated Gas cases, wherein it was held that a municipality or state has the power to regulate the rates charged by a public service corporation. In this case millions were saved from the hands of the gas companies, and a new era of low prices of gas was furnished to consumers in New York City.

The highest court evidently has a clear understanding of the various anti-trust laws of the states and an understanding that led, during the last term, to more than one decision against corporations with monopolistic proclivities. First and foremost of these was the conviction of the constitutional violation of the Texas anti-trust laws in the famous Waters-Pierce oil case. The enormous fine of more than a million and a half dollars, assessed against the company by the lower courts, was affirmed by the highest tribunal. Likewise, the court affirmed the decision against the Hammond Packing company, which was convicted under the Arkansas "trust-busting" act.

In the host of criminal appeals disposed of, the court acted adversely for the appellants in two of general interest—that of Albert T. Patrick, now in Sing Sing prison serving a life sentence for the murder of William Riker, and of Herman Bilke, at the time of the decision under sentence of death for the alleged murder of several members of the Yazal family in Illinois. The sentences of the lower courts against these two were affirmed. The appeal of Chas. H. Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners, seeking damages for the explosion in Colorado at the time of the Telluride mine disaster, was disposed of against the labor leader.

During the last few days of the term the court set new precedent in the conviction of Sheriff Shippe and five others of Chattanooga, Tenn., for contempt of court in conspiring to lynch Ed. Johnson, a negro rapist, after the insurance of stay in his case by the supreme court. A rehearing was granted the men last week, and the case will be finally disposed of early in the next term.

The cases which will go over until next term for decision include a large number of more than passing importance, a score or more of which are already being argued before the court. Among these latter are a half dozen or more involving the constitutionality of "charter free" taxes by several states—the question being whether a state can tax a foreign corporation doing business within its boundaries.

Several coal-car discrimination cases are yet to be decided—a matter of vital importance to operators and railroads. The question whether the interstate commerce commission has authority under the law to force railroads to make a pro rata distribution of cars to mines whose railroads are one of those involved.

The Standard Oil prosecution under the Tennessee "trust-busting" law is another case that will go over until next term. The constitutionality of the Oklahoma state bank guarantee law—a statute modeled on the one recommended

in the Democratic platform of 1908, and one the decision on which was anxiously awaited by the people of the state and politicians all over the country—also went over.

The next term of the court will begin on October 4. With the large number of cases on the docket for this year's term which have not yet been acted upon, the 1909 term promises to be the busiest in the history of the court since 1901, when the diminution of cases was passed.

Senator Gore, the blind statesman from Oklahoma, is taking an active part in the discussion on the pending tariff bill. Despite his affliction he is following the debate closely and frequently interjects short speeches that not only demonstrate his information upon the subject under consideration, but which are usually tinged with a homely humor and a directness of expression which help to lighten the prosaic details of the discussion.

When in action, no spectator in the gallery, unacquainted with the fact, would suspect him of blindness. He has a trick of holding in his hands a piece of paper and of occasionally turning towards it as though consulting notes, which would make the uninitiated imagine that he was reading from it. He is an earnest and energetic speaker, with a resonant voice which can be heard in all parts of the Senate chamber, and a delivery emphasized by wild shakings of the head, which seriously muss up his hair.

He has another trick. Always when making his speech, he has a book on the desk in front of him. Upon this he places one hand while with the other he gestures. He alternates these hands frequently, but he retains his sense of position, or geography, and he knows just where is his glass of water or bundle of papers as well as though he had sight.

Senator Gore is a constant source of wonder and admiration to his colleagues. Not all of them, by any means, on either side of the chamber, agree with his radical views on some questions, but Republicans as well as Democrats are constantly being amazed by the display of his remarkable powers of memorization. Benefit of the sense of sight, he has developed his memory to an extraordinary degree. Sometimes he will quote sections of the impending bill. At others, after listening to a long and technical explanation of some subject, he will recall a statement made during the course of the speech, quote it accurately and proceed to criticize it.

But his most wonderful feat in memorization of which the Senate has yet been a witness occurred the other day when he got up and recited off, without hesitation or break, a lot of statistics regarding the capitalization, total earnings, net earnings, average dividends, and special dividends, of a large number of New England cotton mills. This speech filled a page and a half of the Congressional Record the next day and was crowded with figures. So far no one of them has been disputed. That it astonished his colleagues goes without saying. It was the most marvelous exhibition of memory in the annals of the Senate.

The blind senator has to have everything read to him. His wife and his secretary do this for him, and it is no easy job. He listens with close attention and, when a point is reached upon which he desires further enlightenment, he insists that other books of reference shall be found and that point elucidated before proceeding further. The reading covers a wide range of subjects and his mind retains what he hears so that when he takes the floor to make a speech he is as well equipped for the debate as other men who possess all their senses.

Secretary Meyer's recent order to the cadets of the naval academy forbidding them the joys of a matrimony until they are in a position to take to themselves the troubles as well, is not the first of official advice that has been uttered on this problem.

General Bell, chief of staff of the army, has said repeatedly that the department want no young married soldiers, and the aspiring second lieutenants who come out of West Point with their commissions and the idea that the world is at their feet are usually taken aside by their grave and elderly superior officers, who have gone through hard fought domestic as well as military campaigns, and told that they should not be so cocksure of their careers as to add a wife to their encumbrances without mature consideration of the trials and tribulations such an acquisition involves.

But it is not really the fault of the young officers. It's the latter day girls who are to blame. From the military point of view the beautiful young things who flatter so coyly about our emerald admirals and major generals and cling so demurely to the brawn right arm of the middle-aged cadets do not measure up to the requirements of an army or navy officer's wife. General Elliott, who is in command of the marines, has an expressive way of putting it. "There isn't one modern girl out of a hundred," he says, "who is fit to take up the duties of military life."

They are very beautiful and charming at commencements and balls and tans, and they make perfectly entrancing brides as a military wedding in an environment of orange blossoms and similar and gold braid. But when the young hero-husband is ordered to sea for three years or sent to a foreign post at the tail end of the last launch in the Philippines, the pretty things collapse like a Mary Garden hat in a thunder shower. And if they don't happen to have an experienced maternal bosom at hand to collapse upon, heaven knows what's to become of them. As a rule they cling to their military better halves up to the moment the last launch puts out, and then they turn away ruthlessly because "orders is orders," and he has been bred up to this sort of thing.

The brief moment of triumph and romance for the young military bride is over. She comes back to face the problems of the last time in the Philippines, and that the loathsome practice of keeping an eye on the bank balance is a necessary concomitant of married life. She has to mind the pots and kettles and the cook will get away with them. She has to squabble with the landlord, who takes advantage of her ignorance.

If her husband is in the army she may be obliged to live in officers' quarters where the chairs and bookcases are not a whit better than Mrs. Jones', who was quite below her set at home, and whose par was a green grocer. Or she has to put up with brown servants who speak Tagalog and defy her efforts to make them cover their chocolate-colored bodies with the decent habiliments of civilization.

Then the babies come and it's worse than ever. There is the question of Hubert's health. The climate doesn't agree with him. It arrives the illnesses of tropical childhood and attain

the age of educational susceptibility, what school is there to send him to? Likely as not when the boy is in the midst of the mumps, papa is ordered off on an expedition of three months where the fat few flies are thickest and fever germs run riot. And about the time she gets the problem worked out and has reconciled herself to home-made gowns and the simple military life, there comes an order from Washington—General What's-his-name always did dislike John, who is, perhaps, a first lieutenant by this time—and the family is shunted back to Arizona or Alaska.

So it is easy to see that what is needed is a co-ed military school, a sort of Annapolis or West Point academy for girls for their education as prospective officers' wives.

## HE HATED LONG PRAYERS.

And Well He Might After His Atoning Experiences.

"It happened," said the colonel, "that there were two colored preachers inhabiting cells in the penitentiary at Frankfort at the same time. If I remember aright, both were sentenced for polygamy, but old Sam was a Methodist parson, while old Jake was of the Baptist faith. It seems that Sam had done something to prevent the warden, and the punishment decided on was an old-fashioned flogging. Some weeks after the affair came off the Rev. Sam, whom I had known from boyhood, was telling me about it."

"I didn't mind de whippin' so much, Mars Jack, ef it hadn't been for de way old Jake acted. You see, de warden he said to me: 'Sam, I's gwine to whip you and 'low de whippin' will do you a whole heap 'er good. I's gwine to let old Jake pray for you, and de blows will continue to fall on your black hide while Jake's prar is a-goin' on. When he comes to a final stop den de punishment will likewise end.'"

"Land sakes, Mars Jack, I knowed it was all up wid me den, for dat ignorant old nigger never did know when it was time to get up 'er'n his knees! De fac' dat a po' human bein' was in distress wasn't gwine to make a bit 'er difference wid him. Well, sir, he was jes' like I suspected 'd be. Dey brought me out, and old Jake, de old villun, started in, and as fast as he prayed de warden come down on me wid a whip dat cut like a knife. I never did want to hear a prar come to an end so bad in my life, but it weren't any use. Every time I thought he was 'most through old Jake took a fresh hold, and down come de sticks harder'n ever. Shorely it seemed to me like he prayed a month, and Mars Jack, I wants to tell you right now dat I am not against long prars for de rest 'er my life."—Washington Post.

## ROTTEN COTTON GLOVES.

The Origin of a One Time Popular Slang Phrase.

The origin of "rotten cotton gloves," a phrase which for some years belonged to the slang of England and America, is worth relating. At a time when John Le Hay was playing at the Prince of Wales he was "commanded" to give his ventriloquist performance at a birthday entertainment at Sandringham.

His two figures, the usual squeaky old lady and the usual rude old man, had been newly dressed for the occasion, that their clothes might not suffer too keenly by comparison with the rich surroundings. But when Mr. Le Hay had placed them in position and was about to begin his "show" he found to his disgust that his customer had forgotten to change the old man's dirty cotton gloves for a pair of new kids.

The tone of shabbiness this gave to the male figure was too conspicuous to be ignored by poor Mr. Le Hay, and in an eternal half minute his quick wit found a way out of the trouble for him.

"A nice thing," remarked the male doll, looking around at the royal audience with alarm, "bringing me to a swell house like this in these terrible gloves!"

This caused so much amusement that the ventriloquist decided to make more of the "whereas," and the badly behaved old gentleman's incessant grumble throughout the entertainment, "rotten cotton gloves," proved one of the chief successes of the evening.

The "line" was in all Mr. Le Hay's subsequent performances in America as well as in England, and, if, say, a man had had a deal in Wall street or in Throgmorton avenue it was the usual thing to say that he had a "rotten cotton deal."—London M. A. P.

## A Bad Change.

While holding a term of court at Augusta once Judge Walton sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The respondent's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor. "Your honor," said he, "I am satisfied that my client cannot live out half that term, and I beg of you to change the sentence." "Well, under these circumstances," said the judge, "I will change the sentence. I will make it for life instead of seven years." It is almost needless to add that the respondent chose to abide by the original sentence, which the judge permitted him to elect—Argonaut.

## Fine Old Spanish Emeralds.

"Fine old Spanish emeralds" is a phrase which means something quite different from what it seems to imply. There never was an emerald mined in Spain, but after the conquest of Peru the conquerors brought home great quantities of loot, of which emeralds formed an important part. In this way the finest emeralds came into possession of the old Spanish families, and as very few had been seen in Europe previous to that time all the best stones soon became classed as old Spanish emeralds. Today the expression still applies to the best emeralds of any source.

## A Postal Romance.

By M. QUAD.

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Inspector Graham of the postal service happened to be at Chestnut Grove at the time the postmistress died, and he took charge of the office and did what he could in other directions. The deceased had left two daughters, one twelve and one eighteen. Squire Davis and two or three others scarcely waited the burial of the widow before planning for the postmastership and invoking the aid of the inspector. They did not receive, however. He promptly recommended Basile, the eldest daughter, for the place, and she was shortly appointed.

For the next year the postoffice at Chestnut Grove was the best conducted of any on the inspector's route. Not the slightest fault could be found in any direction. Had the inspector visited the office four times in the year he would have covered his instructions, but his calls were made much oftener.

Before the year was up Miss Basile had to admit to herself that the inspector was showing something besides official interest, and the knowledge embarrassed and pained her. She had learned that he was free to marry. And why all these visits if he was not in love with her? The girl had a secret. It was a secret from the inspector only, and she trembled every time he came for fear that he would discover it. A dozen different village gossips could have betrayed that secret, but they had not been encouraged to talk. Squire Davis had often had it at his tongue's end, but had checked himself and said:

"Not a word from me. I said there would be a scandal, and there will be."

The girl postmistress had entered upon her second official year, and Inspector Graham had arrived to pay one of his semi-annual calls, when he was met by a storm of excitement. He had been doing a great deal of thinking during the past three months. He had satisfied himself that he was really and truly in love with Basile and wanted her for a wife, and he believed that he had found favor in her eyes. On this occasion he meant to tell his love and know his fate.

"This is what has happened," said Squire Davis, who was the first to meet him as he stepped off the car. "A registered letter containing \$50 for me has been lost in the mail."

"But Miss Jordan couldn't have taken your letter," protested the surprised and perturbed inspector. "Maybe not, but what about that fellow who's been hanging around there for a year?"

The inspector was an official now instead of a friend. He at once got to work on the trail of the missing letter, and before night he assured himself that it had actually passed through the office at Sand Hill, which was next on the east. This being so, it must have arrived at Chestnut Grove. The night of its arrival was a very stormy one, and there was no one in after mail until long after it had been distributed. Inspector Graham sat in the office and thought it out and knew that the letter had arrived and been taken. He could not bring himself to believe that Miss Basile was the thief, and yet it hurt him to think that it might have been taken by another—the young man to whom Squire Davis had alluded. The girl had had a lover for a year past and had concealed the fact from him. It didn't occur to him that it was her right and that he had really no business to know, but he felt that an injury had been done him. There was but one way out of the business, and he took it. As he called the postmistress in he was more of the official than he had ever been.